

We've Only Just Begun by [irisirene](#)

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Summary:

Just a short little fic about Billy's music taste.

We've Only Just Begun

Author's Note:

This is just a little ficlet to keep the writing juices flowing. It's been a minute since I wrote something and I desperately needed to get something out before I lost any skills XD. Constructive criticism and any spelling/grammar corrections are completely welcome! This wasn't beta read or anything, so it's entirely possible that I've missed something obvious.

This is dedicated to the Harringrove discord group that I'm in. You're all wonderful people and I'm digging getting to know you and hear all about your headcanons and such!

After high school, both Billy and Steve are working relatively shit jobs; Steve at Scoops--Hawkins' finest ice cream establishment and Billy at the local auto shop, but they manage to get a place of their own almost immediately. It's not that great of a place, it's a shabby little two bedroom with wood panelling and orange shag carpet in the living room straight from 1967, and an honest to goodness *green bathroom with green tile and green linoleum* , but it was theirs.

They'd never had freedom before, Steve never feeling at home in his own home and Billy hadn't been encouraged to leave his bedroom if he knew what was good for him, so their first night is spent cleaning their place and unpacking what little they had in an attempt to make it their own.

Billy's in the kitchen, throwing the empty pizza box into the garbage can that came with the apartment as he grabs them both another beer while Steve finishes hanging his Christie Brinkley poster in the living room and starts thumbing through Billy's record collection.

Billy saunters back into the living room with the open beer bottles in his hands, scoffing when he looks at what Steve had chosen to hang. It's a good idea, a fitting decoration for the bachelor pad that everyone thinks that their place is going to be, but it's still funny to him in a way. As if either of their parents or anyone who doesn't know what they are to each other is going to visit them. Neil will stay far away and Steve's parents won't be bothered to come home to Hawkins at all now, the Harrington family home now up for sale.

Steve follows his gaze and shrugs, accepting the beer that Billy hands out to him with a smile as he goes back to rifling through Billy's record collection. Billy moves over to their hideous second-hand orange plaid couch, grimacing at the dust that rises up from him plopping down.

Idly sipping his beer, Billy watches Steve's back as he flicks through the records, his eyes taking in the sight of a slightly sweaty, slightly dusty Steve Harrington fresh from his first ever domestic duties. It shouldn't be nearly as hot as it is, but Billy refuses to examine it further.

Steve's fully enthralled in Billy's pretty decent-sized collection, thumbing past Night Ranger's Seven Wishes, Van Halen's 1984, Bruce Springsteen's Born in the USA, The Police's Synchronicity, and surprisingly, the Talking Heads' Speaking in Tongues. Even though they've been going out for six months now, and having sex for close to a year now, Steve's still a bit surprised that Billy's collection isn't exclusively hard rock, though nothing could have prepared him for the next album in the box.

"You've got to be kidding me!," is out of his mouth before he can

help himself, pulling out a gray album from the stack to raise it up to the light and make sure that he's really seeing what he thinks that he is. Steve's eyebrows are practically disappearing into his hairline, they're raised up so high as he turns around to give Billy an incredulous look.

Before Billy can give a testy "What?", Steve's laughing.

"The fucking Carpenters?!", Steve asks, utterly disbelieving and unable to hold in his laughter at Billy's expense. It *should* piss Billy off, but he's just embarrassed.

He sets his beer down on the crate that's serving as their coffee table and knocks it over in his haste to get off of the couch and get that fucking record out of Steve's hands. Billy's blushing as he yanks the album out of Steve's grip and that only makes Steve giggle harder.

"It was my mom's, you dick," Billy mumbles, clearly embarrassed. Steve sobers slightly, though he's still grinning.

While he knows that Billy has kept everything of his mother's that he could, Steve also knows that Billy's embarrassed because *he loves that album*. Otherwise, he wouldn't be quite so defensive now, red-faced and not looking him in the eye as beer drips from the crate into their gross orange shag carpet.

This is confirmed when Billy glances back over at him, album clutched to his shirtless chest and Steve has to fight laughter again. "Holy shit, you're so fucking ridiculous," Steve wheezes, standing up with a groan and pulling a rigid Billy into a kiss, shaking his head at

Billy's lingering embarrassment as he sets his beer down on a nearby box.

"Give me that," Steve orders, practically having to tug it out of Billy's hands when the other man won't let go of it. Rolling his eyes goodnaturedly over Billy's protests, Steve puts it onto the turntable and lowers the needle. Karen Carpenter's smooth alto voice soon filters out of the speakers, any humor soon leaving Steve's expression at the aptness of the first song being played in their new apartment being *We've Only Just Begun* .

It should be ridiculous. It's not like the Carpenters were even cool when this album came out fifteen years ago, but Billy's mom loved this album and apparently so does Billy, even if he'd never admit it. He's still standing stiffly in the middle of their tiny living room, jaw locked and face pink, looking as if he's standing there waiting for Steve's judgement.

Steve just rolls his eyes and moves over to Billy, taking his boyfriend's hands and putting them on his waist, his own arms slipping around Billy's broad shoulders. Billy's eyebrows furrow in confusion as Steve slowly starts to rock to the music.

"What are you doing?," he asks suspiciously, much to Steve's amusement.

"*I'm* dancing. What are *you* doing?" is Steve's reply.

Billy scoffs, but his hands readjust to better fit around Steve's narrow waist, his body moving closer to Steve and slowly shifting back and

forth to the beat of the song. “You call *that* dancing?,” he asks, aiming for teasing but the tone of his voice is too soft, betraying the true vulnerability of the moment.

“Mm-hm,” is all Steve says, his hand coming up into Billy’s hair, loosening the product that has kept it in position throughout their cleaning marathon. As Billy shifts even closer and Steve’s arms hold him more tightly, Steve reflects upon the fact that this is just the first night of the rest of their lives. That they can do this now, dance slowly together to some ridiculous pop song and not have to worry about being walked in on or how much time they have before Billy has go back home. They are home, now.

It’s a powerful notion and it strikes Steve dumb. There are no words for what he’s feeling and one sideways glance at Billy’s face where it’s resting close to his own tells him that he’s not the only one who feels that way. This is not where he’d ever imagined himself being, but now that he’s here, he doesn’t want to imagine anything else. Ever.

Author's Note:

Fic title obviously comes from the song We've Only Just Begun by the Carpenters. For all of Steve's ragging, the Carpenters are a bomb ass group, lol. XD